Before concluding the chapter, let us through a
but illuminating story which I produce below from
Bra
Rishi Venkataratnam's ' *Message and Ministrations*
to receive and retain in our hearts this ever-lasting
that we are for ever in direct touch with, in the very
em
of a good God—good because in His innermost subs
He is Love itself as stated by the Upanishadic Rishi

" Some centuries ago, there lived a profound
mystic, Tau
name. As he dwelt in the city of Strasburg by the
Rhine, h
haunted by the one perplexing problem ol the
solemrt Mystery of
what may be its real intent; 'why has it been
brought into exisi
where can we mid that peace which, if there
existed a good God,
to be the end and goal of all ? With this age-long
problem tro
his mind, he was having a stroll alon<^ side of
the river. He fc
one wandering in a starless night, feeling the jar
of unseen wav<
hearing the thunder of an unknown sea
breathing along an unim;
shore. That is to say, his sou] was passing
through that travail
spirit when it can. neither believe nor disbelieve,
when
cannot bo ratified by conviction and yet disbelief
cannot r
against intuition. Tn this distracted state, as he
waike
prayed the same old prayer of a decade of
torment—tho grc
gnawing anguish in the heart: ' Lord, have pity
on me
,

while I pretend to lead others, I
am myself blind ; vouchsafe gu
unto my groping steps ! How
harrowing is the misery of th
that others credit with wisdom and

turn to with trust; while,
proper self, it has neither the light that
guides nor the strengt
sustains! " As this sorrowing
supplication is once again u1

* Tauter hears, drawing near, the steps of a poor, feeble,
man supporting himself on a staff. As he comes within he
Tauter greets him, '* Peace unto thee, father! God give thee ;
day I" The old man lifts up his cattx
blue eyes and answers (t [
thee, my son, for thy good will. But all
my days arc good anc
arc ill." Tauter wishes him a good day
as though it is a speci
of Providence; but the stranger avers
that all his days are
This startles Tauler. To the humblc-
soulod believer, every i
good, to him there is no evil day
(durdinam), except that on
the soul fails to remember the Lord—to
delight in His contcm^

i *{smaranam}*. Thus astonished,
Tauler further wishes to try the st
and therefore says, (< God give thee
happy life! " The olc
smiles and observes (< I never am
unhappy." This is too mu